New-England Galaxy & Masonic Magazine.

TO RAISE OURSELVES, WE MUST BENEFIT OTHERS; TO PROCURE LOVE, WE MUST PLEASE THEM.—DR. JOHNSON.

No. 125. FRIDAY, March 3, 1820. Vol. V.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING, BY
JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM,
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Entrance at the Fourth Door south from the corner of State-Street.

☞ TERMS,—$3,00 A YEAR,—to be paid in advance.

☞ No papers sent to new Subscribers living at a distance, who have not paid at least six months in advance, or become accountable to some authorized agent.

☞ WANTED, No. 22 and No. 117 of the Galaxy.

Fraud Prevented.

TO counteract the many attempts that are daily made to impose on the unwary, a spurious Composition instead of the *Genuine Blacking* made by DAY & MARTIN they have adopted a New Label, in which their signature and address

97, High Holborn,

is placed so conspicuous in the centre of the label, that they trust an attention to this, and the difference of the type, which is unlike all letter-press, will enable purchasers at once to detect the imposition. The

REAL JAPAN BLACKING
MADE BY
DAY & MARTIN, 97, HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, is sold by their appointment, by their Agent, at the
Music Saloon and Variety Store,
34, Market-Street, Boston.

This inestimable composition, with half the usual labour, produces a most brilliant jet-black, fully equal to the highest japan varnish; affords peculiar nourishment to the leather; will not soil the finest linen; is perfectly free from any unpleasant smell, and will retain its virtues in any climate. Feb. 18.

NEW DIRECTORY.

JUST published by *JOHN H. A. FROST*, and *CHARLES STIMPSON Jr.* and for sale by them, at No. 3, Spear's Buildings, Congress-street, and 12 and 13, Exchange-street; and at 47, Marlborough-street.

THE BOSTON DIRECTORY,

Containing names of the inhabitants, their occupations, places of business and dwelling houses; with lists of the streets, lanes and wharves; the town officers, public offices and banks, and other useful information—with a plan of the town.

Feb. 18.

PORTRAIT PAINTING,

EXECUTED in a respectable style for $24, the pair, by WILLIAM P. CODMAN, No. 12, over Merchants' Hall.

Persons wishing correct likenesses at a low price, are respectfully invited to call.

Feb. 24.—tf.

NOTICE.

H. WILLIAMS has removed from his house in Washington-street to his former residence, No. 6, School-street, where he will wait upon ladies and gentlemen in the line of his profession,

Portrait & Miniature Painting.

Prices, } Portraits from $25, to $200.
} Miniatures from $4, to $50.

Feb. 24.

Elegant Piano Fortes, New Style.

JUST received, and for sale, as above, ELEGANT SQUARE PIANO FORTES, Round Corners, with three Pedals and double strings. Also, a superb horizontal Grand Piano Forte, with six Pedals very elegant.

The above being a consignment, will be offered very low for Cash, to close the sales, by

JOHN H. PARKER.

☞ Just Published, a new song, "And why a Blush?" Also, a variety of new music, consisting of Songs, Waltzes and Marches, &c. A new Catalogue is now ready for delivery to Customers, gratis.

Feb. 24.

Green Candle Ornaments,

For Sale, at the
Music Saloon & Variety Store,
No. 34, Market-Street, Up Stairs,
At 37 1-2 cents per doz. or 3 dollars per gross.
Feb. 11.

WRITING.

MR. COBB'S School for teaching WRITING, in conjunction with that of Mr. VALENTINE'S, is now opened at Room No. 8, Cornhill Square, 3d story.

Mr. VALENTINE will continue his School for instructing Masters and Misses in the usual branches of ENGLISH EDUCATION. Will likewise attend an intermediate class from 11 to 1 o'clock, for the accommodation of those who attend the Latin Schools.

Those Gentlemen who have applied to Mr. C. to form a class for BOOK KEEPING by double entry, are requested to leave their names at the room by the 20th inst. as the class will commence immediately after.

Dec. 17.

NEW BOOKS.

MUNROE & FRANCIS, have received for sale at No. 4 Cornhill,

The Exile's return, a tale, by a South-Carolinian.

Sheets's Medical and Philosophical Essays, designed to illustrate the Domestic origin of the yellow Fever of Charleston.

The Night Watch, or Pirates Den, a melo-dramatic in two acts.

The Mutability of Created Things a Reason for Active Benevolence, a discourse before the Howard Benevolent Society, established by females of individual bounty. By Rev. S. C. [illegible] of this city.

No. 69, of the Athenæum for Feb. containing Recollections of [illegible], Visit to Lockard, Character of Lord Byron [illegible], Notice Gilchrist; the use of [illegible], Answers to Correspondents, Poetry, Intelligence.

BY AUTHORITY.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY.

An Act in addition to "An Act to establish Courts of Sessions."

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same,* That the Courts of Sessions in the several counties of this Commonwealth shall hereafter have all the powers and privileges, and do and perform all the duties that the Circuit Court of Common Pleas had and performed, in and by an act, entitled, "An Act to transfer the powers and duties of the Courts of Sessions to the Circuit Court of Common Pleas, and for other purposes," passed the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fourteen.

Approved by the Governor, Feb. 21, 1820.
Copy, A. BRADFORD, *Sec. of Com.*

AN ACT in addition to an act, entitled, "An Act regulating the management and drawing of Lotteries, in certain cases, in this Commonwealth."

BE *it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same,* That after Union Canal Lottery shall have completed the drawing of the scheme last published, the Managers of the several Lotteries mentioned in the act, entitled, "An Act regulating the management and drawing of Lotteries in certain cases, in this Commonwealth," shall continue to draw all future classes of said Lotteries in the rotation mentioned in said act; and that five months be allowed to each set of managers of said Lotteries in which time they may draw one or more classes, as they may think proper.

Approved by the Governor Feb. 21, 1820.
Copy, A. BRADFORD, *Sec. of Com.*

AN ACT in further addition to an Act, entitled "An Act for the limitation of certain real actions, and for the equitable settlement of certain claims arising in real actions."

BE *it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled and by the authority of the same,* That where any action has been, or may hereafter be commenced against any person for the recovery of any lands or tenements, which such person, at the time of the commencement of such action, may hold by virtue of possession and improvement, and which the tenant, or person under whom he claims, has had in actual possession for the term of six years or more, next before the commencement of such action, the tenant in such action shall have and possess all the right, benefit and privilege, to which any tenant or defendant is entitled by virtue of "An Act for the limitation of certain real actions, and for the equitable settlement of certain claims arising in real actions;" any thing therein to the contrary notwithstanding,

Approved by the Governor, Feb. 22, 1820.

AN ACT in addition to an act, entitled "An act for the relief of poor prisoners who are committed by Execution for debt."

BE *it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same,* That any person hereafter committed to prison on Execution, and being desirous to avail himself or herself of the poor debtors oath, the judgement creditor or creditors living without this Commonwealth, and having no Agent or Attorney within the same, may be admitted to take the same, by leaving an attested copy of such notification as is in and by the act, "entitled "An act for the relief of poor prisoners, who are committed by execution for debt," passed the nineteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven, provided, with the Clerk of the Court, or the Justice by whom the said execution was signed, thirty days previous to such intended caption, any thing in the said act to the contrary notwithstanding.

Approved by the Governor, Feb. 21, 1820.

AN Act laying a tax upon retailers of spirituous liquors, and other persons.

SEC. 1. BE *it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same,* That every person who shall, from and after the fourteenth day of March next, be licensed to sell wine, beer, ale, cider, brandy, rum, or any strong liquors, by retail, and every person who shall be licensed as a victualler or confectioner in the town or district where he or she lives, shall, upon such license being granted, pay to the Clerk of the Court of Sessions, in addition to the fees now paid by law, the sum of four dollars for the use of the Commonwealth; and all such licenses shall be granted on condition that the retailer, confectioner or victualler pay said four dollars before he or she shall receive the same by law required.

SEC. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That in addition to the bond now required by law to be given by such Clerk of the Court of Sessions in the several counties, to the respective County Treasurers, each Clerk aforesaid shall, before the first day of May next, give bond with sufficient surety or sureties, in the penal sum of one thousand dollars, to the Treasurer of the county [illegible] to account for an oath, and pay over to him from time to time, the sum of [illegible] for Clerk, retailer, confectioner and victualler, in the County where he shall be licensed, within [illegible] which bond the said Clerk shall receive the [illegible] and give each bond, with [illegible] and every such bond shall be taken for five hundred dollars to be recovered by the County Treasurer to the use of said county, in the action of debt in any court proper for the same; and the respective Clerks of the Courts of Sessions shall be allowed a commission of one per centum, for receiving and paying over said sums to the County Treasurers; and the respective County Treasurers shall be held to account with the Treasurer of the Commonwealth for all sums received by them in virtue of this act.

Approved by the Governor, Feb. 21, 1820.

AN ACT in addition to the several Acts regulating the Sale of Goods by Public Auction.

SEC. 1. BE *it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same,* That, in all licenses granted to any person to sell goods and chattels by public auction or outcry, within the town of Boston, in the county of Suffolk, it shall and may be lawful for the Selectmen of the said town of Boston, or the major part of them, granting such license, to annex thereto such conditions, limitations, and restrictions, respecting the place or places in said town, at and within which the person so licensed shall and may be allowed and authorized to sell goods and chattels by public auction or outcry, as shall appear to them needful and expedient for the public welfare; and any person who shall sell any goods or chattels whatsoever by public auction or outcry, at any place within said town of Boston, contrary to the conditions, limitations, or restriction, contained in or annexed to such license, shall be liable and subject to the same penalties and forfeitures, to be prosecuted for and recovered in the same manner as if such person had sold such goods or chattels by public auction or outcry, without any license whatever.

SEC. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That the owner, tenant, or occupant of any house or store, having the actual possession and control of the same, who shall allow or permit any person licensed as aforesaid, to sell any goods or chattels by public auction or outcry, in his said house or store, or in any apartment or yard appurtenant to the same, contrary to the conditions, limitations, or restrictions, annexed to the license of such person, shall be liable and subject to the same penalties and forfeitures, to be prosecuted for and recovered in the same manner as if such owner, occupant or tenant had knowingly allowed or permitted any unlicensed person to sell any goods or chattels by public auction or outcry, in his said house or store, or in any apartment or yard appurtenant thereto.

SEC. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That the law of this Commonwealth, which was passed on the fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, entitled "An Act in addition to an Act entitled an Act to regulate the sale of goods at public vendue, and to repeal all laws heretofore made for that purpose," shall not apply, or be enforced within the town of Boston; and the same, so far as it respects the said town, is hereby repealed.

Approved by the Governor, Feb. 21, 1820.

MISCELLANY.

The following beautiful and highly finished sketch of one of the most interesting and pathetic scenes of human life, is taken from the "Red Book," a periodical paper of much spirit and wit, which has recently appeared in this city. We hazard nothing in anticipating the judgement of those of our readers who have a classical and pure taste in literary composition, that the following portrait of a Husband "may well hang side by side with that of the interesting and lovely Wife" of "the Sketch Book," which has been so universally admired.

[*Baltimore Telegraph.*

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

Edda anche son pittore.
I also am a painter.

WE cannot always laugh, however ridiculous the world around us. Folly suits the gay moment of leisure, and affords entertainment while the mind remains unsobered by the saddening realities of life. But there are pauses of reflection which come across the busy thoughts of the most careless, like the shadows of clouds over the verdant landscapes of spring. I now feel myself sinking into that mood in which the fancy rebels against the dominion of airy laughter, and the soul loves to wander through the regions of pensive tenderness.—My candle burns dimly towards its socket; the hoarse bawl of the watchman announces the noon of night;—the howl of distant dogs seems to tell that the robber is abroad; Queen Mab revels over her prostrate subjects, and carries through the generous and fantastick apartments of the beauty's brain, the phantoms of pleasure, of conquest and of love; and all that bustling and noisy crowd which a few hours ago filled up the gaudy panorama of life, now lies as silent and inspectient as the grave. Under the inspiration of this consecrated hour my thoughts carry me, almost involuntarily, to a subject upon which I never dwell without a serious sentiment. Among the most sacred relations of life is that which fetters in wedlock, to the equal destiny of weal or wo, two beings who have vowed their mutual loves before the altar of their God. There can be no sacrifice more solemn, nor offering more sincere. It is the surrender of every selfish feeling at the footstool of affection, and the sanctity of the pledge carries with it the most serious responsibility of our condition. Incalculable is the misery which the indiscreet estimate of this relation has infused into a portion of mankind; many human forms formed for the highest bliss of life, have found misery and hope tortured in the disappointment and pain of an ill sorted union; and many a lovely girl breathing the fragrance of heaven, and exulting in its purity,—with lightsome step and joyful eye careering through the enchantments of a world that seemed to wear all splendour, grace and harmony, has been snatched from the delusion of the fair scene, to sicken under the rude guardianship of an unsympathising spirit, to waste her sweetness in the cold forgetfulness of one who knew not how to esteem her. And on the other side, many a day of privation and suffering has been brightened by the holy influence of chastening love, and many a weary hour cheated of its sorrows.

Whether the joys or pains of this condition be altogether dependent upon the just exercise of the judgement and feelings, or whether a blind fatality hover over it, is a consideration I shall forbear to entertain; well assured, that however delusive may be the impulses which bring individuals together, all the dignity, and much of the happiness of that association, rest upon their subsequent conduct. For there is a controlling power in the uprightness of an intelligent man, which penetrates into the secret motives of action, and wins over by its example, or subdues by its authority, every unwholesome caprice, and reduces to the level of plain and sober judgement every waywardness of temper. Such is the influence of name, such the magic of character, that even those who are actuated by a principle inferior to the affection of a wife, submit to its dominion, and experience its reforming health; how much more powerful is it, when seconded by the devotion of love, and that overwhelming sentiment of dependence to which woman is destined by the institutions of society and the decree of her nature!

I know nothing more amiable or alluring to contemplation than the union of character and feeling exhibited in the lives of a high minded man and a virtuous wife; than to see him supporting the honors of his name amidst the conflicts of the world, standing boldly forward in the perilous throng, and buffeting with an outstretched arm the invading troubles of life, while his virtues are brightened with the lustre of domestick love, and the thousand reserved graces of the woman he adores. I know nothing more pitiable than the exhibition of an interesting and sensible female, bound by the dark cords of fate to a man without principles, who has suffered the counterfeited passion which once prompted him to sue, to expire with the attainment of his wish. For man, however he may struggle with the curse of an unhappy connexion, has still the wide world before him, fraught with seductions to beguile every sorrow; but woman, dependent by nature and by fortune, looks in vain for some refuge from the anguish of her life, and is compelled to yield to the bitterness of a destiny that admits of no alternative. It is then her's to cringe before the creature that neglects her, and give up the tattered remnant of her love, to the monster that cannot value it.

Such has been the fate of my little friend Placida. When I first knew her, she was young and beautiful, with person all grace, and a mind all truth. Fortune had given her elevated rank, and she received the caresses of the world as the tribute to her personal merit—all unconscious of the attractions of her riches or her beauty, and as little believing that any part of this homage was the consequiousness of hypocrites, who sought their own distinction by the incense they offered to her vanity. Never did mortal bear with more amiable ease such encompassing perils.—Among the many who frequented her presence was one, who found himself in the possession of some such specious qualities as are known ordinarily to bear with particular force upon female admiration. He was what the world called a youth of expectation, by which sometimes are merely meant a showy carriage and respectable connexions. His character, stripped of its appendages, was only negative and sought its support in pretension and policy. On this occasion, he had the meanness to assume a disguise for the purpose of winning a woman's heart. He knew she was affectionate in her disposition, and soon led to love whatever she respected. Her fault was, that her respect did not always grow out of her judgement, for like most ladies, whose observation is too much fettered to the precincts of family associations, she permitted her respect to strengthen rather by the sanction of society,—thus unmeaning, the indiscreet, nay the guilty toleration of friends, than by the calm dictate of her own judgment. She heard her lover praised as a man of sense. He was proud of the reputation, and supported it by artifice. She saw him well received in company; men of sense did not disdain his society, and she considered their countenance as the mark of their esteem. She forgot, or perhaps she did not know, that the mass of even judicious men seldom direct their actions by a regard for others;—that they consult their own views without much caring how the acquiescence or their silence may affect the prejudices and sometimes fatal conclusions of others. Placida gave her hand and with it she believed she had given her heart.—Her husband soon threw off his mask—he proved selfish, mean and vulgar. A few months after they were married, and the poor girl still lives with

[illegible], happy and [illegible] belief of the world, happy and [illegible] behind the scenes [illegible] the anguish of heart [illegible] in the [illegible] hide her private sense of wrong and her reputation abroad. The dastardly fellow who stole her love, sometimes feels the rebuking sorrow of her eye, and in his moments of liberality,—for the meanest at times forget their nature,—declares her a Saint. She submits to his ill-temper, she yields to his caprices, and sometimes succeeds in convincing him that a savage may be changed into submission by the rod of an angel.

I turn with some pleasure from the contemplation of this picture to the recollection of a gentleman with whom I once enjoyed a close intimacy. He was a man of a very superior order, and I never approached him without feeling a respect for his presence, and something above the ordinary sentiments of friendship. I know him to be an honorable and a brave man, and on many occasions to have exhibited that steadfast devotion to principle which betokens exalted character, and displays true dignity of mind. The effect of it was to give worth to every profession of his lips, and he seemed to value his own high estimate of his friend from the conviction that he had not formed it rashly. He decided on all occasions, I think, with uncommon steadiness, and appeared to consider the integrity of his judgment at stake in every principle he adopted or opinion that he expressed. He was polite, though reserved; social, without being familiar. His education and his character equally conspired to instil into his mind a contempt for little things, and taught him to rest his respectability upon the propriety of his actions. I never knew a man whose gentlemanship was better founded.—In addition to these qualities, he possessed a susceptible disposition, somewhat grave, and rather adapted to the frankness of the friendly circle, than the promiscuous intercourse of the world. With a nice taste he had ranged through the apartments of literature, and had acquired a very decided fondness for the seclusion of his library; the effect was an enlargement of mind proportioned to the refinement of his feelings.—We cannot wonder that he should have chosen the retirement of the country; he found something in the serenity of groves and the richness of fields, that corresponded with his temper and his acquirements; something that delighted his philosophy, and warmed his feelings. To such a man there is a world in the mind, and the happiness of the little sphere of his home is almost infinite; he feels no disposition to search beyond it, already assured of the truth which Rasselas learned by experience, that the more narrowly we contract the circle of our enjoyments, the more intensely do we feel them. My friend married. His wife was an intelligent and amiable lady, who did full honor to his judgment. To him she was every thing. A disposition like his finds in marriage something to fill up every void,—a balm for every affliction. There is no generous sentiment to which it does not open its bosom, and no selfish attribute which it does not banish.—He cultivated the communion of soul which wedlock pledges, with an assiduity which proportionately alienated him from the world.

Fate had reserved him for a cruel blow. At the very time when I saw him rejoicing in the pride of his character, surrounded by the richest blessings of heaven, devoted to the interests of his family and friends, and dispensing happiness to all about him; encountering with a steady fortitude the troubles and dangers of life, while every attribute of his being seemed warm and brightened by the smiles of a woman who revered him; a mildew had lighted upon the fruit of his affections, and withered it away to the coldness of the grave and the banquet of the worm.

There were no sobs nor tears; it was only the heavy heaving of the breast, and the struggle of character seeking to preserve its balance in the wreck of affection. I saw him through many a day of melancholy mourning, patient and calm, and oh! most deeply wounded. Yet stood he not before the world in sackcloth and in ashes, but in the [illegible] representation of scripture, [illegible] his head and washed his [illegible]—I saw him left in the deep distress of desolation, to silver companionless and unheeded in the bleak winter of blighted love,—the fondest sentiments of his heart stricken to the quick by a privation of that for which he could find no substitute, and the burning hopes of happiness in that rural seclusion, where his affections warmed and grouped together, and reposed in the tender confidence of love;—all withered, beaten down and crushed. If [illegible] most melancholy image upon which the mind can dwell. I will contemn the man whose fortitude will bear him unmoistened through such a wreck of happiness.

Here I must cease. The watchman cries, "past one o'clock," my pen is worn down—my thoughts have run short, and I fear I have made my readers the victims for Morpheus's nutriment. So, gentle ladies, good night.

[illegible] REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GALAXY.

The excellence of a writer on manners consists in his pictures of life being applicable, with a little allowance for change of circumstances, to other times, almost as well as to those for which they were written. Owen Feltham, an old English satirist, has left us some quaint and amusing descriptions of the follies of his day, particularly among those men who make pretensions to literature. The following specimen may perhaps amuse some of your readers.

"I have already made mention of a certaine classe of our would-be men of learninge, who thinke the whole excellencie thereof to consist in the use of strange wordes and big sounding expressions, such as may make simple folks stare and marvelle at them, and esteem them wondrous wise on account of their inke-horne manner of speaking. But besides these drum-head wits, full (if I may so saye) of noise and emptinesse, whose wordes are bigger the smaller their braines, there is of late dayes sprung up a sort of pretenders to knowledge, who take upon them as if they woulde instruct the whole world; who having picked up a smattering of learninge, some crumbes, as it were, from wise men's tables, do come forthe and professe to teache all manner of sciences, putting themselves into the publicke printes, saying that they will give lectures (after the manner of the Professors of our Universities) upon Alchymy, Astrology, Anatomie, and the like, to all who will come and heare, (paying besides a smalle fee) promising in a shorte time and without labour to give unto them a full acquaintance with the matters whereof they pretend to treat; as if knowledge could be acquired in anye waye without study. If they had saide that they would cause them to knowe as much as they knowe themselves, they might perhaps performe their wordes, for all the knowledge that many of them have, I take upon me to justifye, might be put into a bulke no bigger than could be contained in a nutte-shell and it must be a shallowe braine-pan that cannot easily get and holde fast so much. These however are in my minde greater enemyes to true and solid learninge than those inke-horne talkers whom I before mentioned, as they make men contented (nay even to pride themselves) upon a little and imperfect matter of knowledge, and to looke with contempt upon that deep and clear insight into the sciences, and that intimate acquaintance with the workes of the greate Ancientes, which must be gotten by toilesome dayes, and by sleepleese nightes consumed on their bookes by the dimme lighte of the candle."

BRITISH REVIEWERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GALAXY.

The "Eclectic Review" has condescended to say some very fine things of our Mr. Paulding's "Backwoodsman," and among others, admits after this specimen, that "there may be such an anomaly as poetry from an American." These said compliments have been trumpeted forth in our prints, as though it were a boon of no ordinary value. But the following sentiment, to be found in the same *Article*, has been judiciously kept from sight. What individual is there in the United States who would wish to see his poetry puffed up, at the expense of Truth and his Country's character?—"Women, and Home, are not the same words—do not comprehend the same associations on the other side of the Atlantic as they do with us: The notions there prevailing are more nearly allied to those of the *Parisians!!*—Country does not mean the same; it cannot so long as *half the population* consists of *slaves*; nor can *man* mean the same in their pronunciation of the word, *who do not recognize the rights of man.*"!!

FOR THE GALAXY.

RULES FOR WRITING A REVIEW,

According to the latest and most approved fashion.

You will commence your review, with an exact copy of the title-page or title-pages of the book or books, which you intend to make the subject of ostensible criticism. You will add the name of the publisher, and the number of pages in each book.

It is desirable, that the books to be reviewed, if more than one, should, in some respect or other, be susceptible of being classed together. That is, the subjects of which they treat should have some connexion with each other, or the books should be written by the same author, or by brothers or cousins, or they should, at least, have been written or printed in the same city.

You will now proceed to write a dissertation on some subject, which shall have either an immediate or a remote connexion with the matter under review. You will find many such dissertations, adapted to all subjects, in the Spectator and similar works, ready made to your hands, which will save you a world of trouble. It would be better, however, that you should alter the style, if you are capable of it, so that the plagiarism will not be easily detected. If you should not find an essay, which applies directly to the subject of the books to be reviewed, you can make use of one, which is more remotely connected with it. For instance, if the work be a *poem*, and you can find nothing already written which applies to the *subject* of the poem, you can introduce a dissertation upon *poetry in general*. This you may easily collect from the "Elements of Criticism," or from the Encyclopædia, or from some celebrated preface to Homer, Shakespeare, and other great poets. An essay upon the style of Pope and Dryden, when compared with that of Walter Scott or Byron, would answer very well for a review of any poem. If the work be in prose, a comparison of the style of Addison with that of Johnson, or of Blair with that of Jeremy Taylor, or of Hume with that of Gibbon, with a dogmatical decision on their several merits and claims to superiority,—will answer very well, for want of something more pertinent.

Having filled the requisite quantity of paper, you will conclude by observing, that you have already exceeded the limits allotted you, and have not therefore room for the remarks "which you intended to make, respecting the work itself." You will remember, that it is a general rule among reviewers, not to erase any thing they have written, be it ever so irrelevant. Their responses are oracular; and however unsatisfactory, inapplicable, or absurd they may be, they are sacred, and must be preserved inviolate.

If you should find it difficult, at any time, in following the preceding rules, to extend your review to the necessary length, you can easily eke it out, with a few extracts from the most interesting part of the work. The only inconvenience attending this last rule, is, that you will be under the necessity of reading some part of the book, in order to select the necessary passages.

There is another method of reviewing, which is sometimes adopted, that is remarkably different from that which I have here given. It is more laborious, but requires less learning and talent. In the one, you are not obliged to open the work you review, beyond the title-page; but it is necessary that you should have recourse to other books. In the other, you derive all your materials from the work itself. Whether this method was invented by some pious old ladies, who, it is well known by those that are deeply read in Almanacks, have criticised the Bible in this way; or whether we have derived it from the monks, who were the repositories of learning in the dark ages, is uncertain. It is as follows—

Ascertain, by counting, how many times any particular words recur in the course of the book. The articles *a* and *the*, or the conjunction *and*, or any other terms which may hit your fancy, are equally proper for selection. If the work be in verse, it will be proper that you should notice the exact frequency of recurrence, of those rhymes which appear to be the most often used. A fair register of the result of your labours, if carried to a sufficient extent, and properly seasoned with the usual expressions of censure and contempt, will make a formidable review.—*Probatum est.*

For examples of both the above methods, I might refer you to the Reviews, Monthly and Quarterly, English and Scotch, North-American and South American. But I prefer giving examples, written by myself, expressly for the occasion; with which I intend to favour the publick, as soon as my leisure will permit. I would also give notice, that I have it in contemplation, to deliver a course of lectures on the subject of this paper, should a sufficient number of ladies and gentlemen be disposed to patronize the undertaking. FUMO.

GUN-POWDER LAW.

MR. PRINTER,

Please to inform your friend, whose enquiry appeared in your paper of last week, how the powder law was attended to in the town of Boston, that what some say with regard to "smuggling" is true.

The fact of several tons having been seized under the present law is deemed a sufficient support to the assertion. It has been found in different ways—in tacks, boxes, buckets, and nail-casks; and hogsheads have been resorted to, marked *Loaf Sugar, Hard Ware*, &c. to facilitate this illicit trade, which very justly deserves the name of "smuggling." It has been found on board vessels and boats at the wharves, as well as in barns, salt-houses and stores.

Your correspondent may perhaps be diverted by the relation of two out of many circumstances, which tend to show that this dangerous practice is in a degree facilitated by some, whose vigilance the citizens have a right to demand, for the safety of their lives and property.

One of the Fire-wards was called upon to seize a hogshead of powder on India-street; after enquiring where [illegible] those it was, he consented to go in *forty-five minutes*. Before this time was expired he was seen with a truck, in the utmost [illegible] removed it to a store in the same street from the house. Head was unheaded, and the powder disposed of.

At the time appointed, the Fire-Ward proceeded to perform his duty. When he had gone as far as [illegible] street, he was informed of the removal of the powder.

The person who had given the information, happened directly after to pass the abovementioned store, the proprietor of which stopped him and said, "You have very near caused me a great loss—but you can do nothing with me—it is a fine thing to have a friend at court." Query—Did the owner of the powder get information that he was pursued?

The same Fire-ward was called upon to seize some powder, which he refused to attend to, being "busy"—but afterwards resigned in a passion, that the source of information was not respectable!

These capers have been styled *frivolous* by this gentleman before a committee of the legislature.

The law for the transportation, safe keeping and delivery of gun-powder, in the town of Boston, it is believed is universally acknowledged to be one of the most necessary laws in the municipal code. Then is it not the common and imperious duty of the whole community to see that it is enforced, and prevent, if possible, the repetition of a fatal and horrible calamity, which thousands of our citizens have witnessed—the exhibition of the mangled carcases of two human beings, through [illegible] person so regardless of the lives of his fellow citizens as to put them in daily jeopardy with this dangerous article, or to countenance others in it—just to reflect upon the horrible disaster which befel these unfortunate youths, and then, if he can, with a clear conscience, defend his conduct.

A FRIEND TO JUSTICE.

☞ The above is inserted at the earnest importunity of more than one man, who declare, that the facts stated can be satisfactorily proved.—Readers must judge for themselves, of the importance of the subject, and if more information is required, we presume, it may be had from the writer of the above.

ED.

FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

SAVANNAH SUFFERERS.

MR. EDITOR,

As we predicted, the collection in this town for the relief of the Savannah Sufferers has been highly honourable for the character of the town and has fully justified the opinion then expressed by us, that no difference of sentiments or manners nor distance of place would damp the ardour or check the accustomed liberality of this enlightened metropolis. It is said by the Secretary of the ward committees that $12,000 will be obtained voluntarily and that without resorting to a contribution in churches.

We believe this to be the greatest contribution ever obtained in this country to relieve sufferers at so great a distance, and excepting from Boston we may say that nothing has ever been known to be compared with it for christian liberality in modern days.

It is true that New-York has given a larger sum, but of the 20,000 collected in New-York ten thousand was given by the Corporation, and the city of New-York is not only two hundred and fifty miles nearer the Scene than Boston, but has more than double the population.

We are always pleased to see examples of liberality which are so honourable to our character, nor do we wish to make any invidious comparison of the unexampled remuneration which the Savannah people are likely to receive with the many single and silent sufferers nearer home who are left to mourn their misfortunes without any assistance from their neighbours.

We do not regret that so much has been given to Savannah. For we have always been of the opinion that the frequent applications to the prosperous and wealthy to assist the unfortunate and the poor have a favourable effect upon the givers and the receivers.

It brings forcibly to the minds of the prosperous that their good fortune and property are blessings, for which they are accountable, and that such happiness is not universal nor is there a certainty of its permanency. These reverses in the circumstances of their neighbours remind them of the [illegible] instability of human prosperity.

Such frequent calls on the wealthy, for charity so far from hardening their hearts to induce them to refuse assistance, make them feel more sensibly the misfortunes of others and to relieve them more readily.

To the necessitous and the unfortunate, besides the comfort of relief the kindness they receive from their affluent neighbours warms their hearts with gratitude to the Supreme Being for raising them up such charitable friends in these afflictions. And destroys and counteracts those feelings of irritation and envy towards persons more prosperous, more rich or otherwise in higher walks of life. When we reflect upon the alacrity with which our fellow citizens contributed for the relief of Savannah a sum sufficient to finish that noble edifice of charity the general hospital, we cannot believe, that when it is known how small a sum is required to complete it, that that sum will long be wanted. We are not ignorant what our citizens have already done towards this very object, and that they gave in the first place as much as the most liberal munificence could require for one undertaking, yet when it is known that some of our most worthy townsmen have devoted almost all their time and talents to carry into effect this benevolent purpose, in addition to their pecuniary contributions, and that they are now obliged to stay their hands in despair for the want of funds, can it be that those who have given so liberally to the unknown sufferers a thousand miles off, will not cheerfully renew their liberality to assist their own brethren. We think that more [illegible] to complete the hospital will, to all the parties, be as charitably given and be as likely to relieve the worthy and necessitous.

For [illegible] place under the proposition which we mentioned in our last communication to

adopted, viz. to have an equitable distribution amongst the slaves, we believe that enough will be sent to Savannah without us, not only to relieve the necessitous; but to make most of those who suffered comparatively rich.

We have already hinted at the allowance and deductions to be made for the florid representations of Southern writers—in the account of this conflagration we will mention one instance. It is said that Messrs. A. Lowe, & Co. have lost nearly $400,000; and the writer adds *that they are the largest importers in America.* Now with the privilege of yankees, we should guess that a single house in this town has imported more in one year than the whole city of Savannah has done since the revolution. The Mayor of the city of Savannah estimates the destruction to have amounted to four hundred and sixty houses, in which we presume is included shops, stores, stables, barns, and all other out houses, so necessary to great establishments. For we can hardly suppose that the whole city contains so many as four hundred dwelling houses, *excluding* the huts for the slaves, and we believe that it is estimated that only about one quarter part of the city was burned. If the collections proceed with the spirit and activity with which they have begun, a moderate estimate will give them two hundred thousand dollars.

To divide this sum amongst the white population who can have suffered, will, we apprehend, place most of them in better circumstances than they were before the fire. A little arithmetical calculation will make this position probable at least.

The population of Savannah in 1817 was three thousand eight hundred and eighty two white persons,—about the same population as in Roxbury—we take no account of the slaves, because, the Georgians consider them merely as property, and treat them so, as much as we do our horses.

Therefore we will call the white population at this time for the sake of round numbers four thousand,—one quarter part, viz. one thousand, have suffered by the fire. Suppose that five constitute a family. There would be two hundred families that have suffered; they will consequently receive, if the money is equally divided, one thousand dollars each.

But as we know that in any city, not more than one quarter of those who suffer would be likely to have a thousand dollars to lose, there will either be a division, to give the quarter who have lost more than a thousand dollars a larger sum, or the other three quarters will receive more than they have lost. There is also another class, which although they may have lost property, yet having an ample fortune left; it is not to be presumed will receive charitable assistance. How large this latter class may be, we are unable to say; but the lowest possible estimation of it, will reduce the number to be relieved so considerably, that we think that they will have their losses nearly or quite repaired. We hope that our sympathy and charity which are so justly excited by distant misery will not be permitted to sleep or abate till the objects nearer home which are as worthy shall have been relieved.

HORATIUS FLACCUS.

BOSTON:
FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1820.

BRITISH BOOKSELLERS.

We took the liberty, a short time since, to caution our countrymen against the practices of certain foreign booksellers and publishers, who were selling by means of agents, bibles, prayer-books, and other works, in numbers, by which means they obtain nearly double the fair and customary profits of such books. We did not, at the time, know the extent to which this business is carried on. Subsequent information, from a source entitled to credit—after making due allowance for the embellishment of a foreigner—enables us to say, that T. Kinnersley, of—somewhere in the British dominions—keeps seventy-five presses constantly employed in printing books for distribution in numbers, none of which are distributed at home. These gentlemen who are in the habit of making calculations upon the profit and utility of domestic manufactures, can probably inform their fellow-citizens whether the money which is collected to pay for the labour of one hundred and fifty persons, with a proportionable number of compositors, &c. for [illegible] must be so well laid out [illegible]

It would be gratifying to know, also, what [illegible] books in question, and especially entered at the custom house.

JOSEPH LANCASTER, Esq.

A gentleman, lately [illegible] Washington, informs us that this esteemed philanthropist, in addition to the honor of being a member of the house of representatives, when he pleases, was [illegible] married—and that he favors his "encumbrance" in the way of every accommodation will favor his grazing encodeing, and hypocritical countenance. We state this fact for the information of some of our correspondents, who think they have seen deeper speculations in Joseph and of others who many thousand leagues [illegible] that connect which this [illegible] served, by the enlightened [illegible] this town.

What Rival Theatre [illegible] Company may be [illegible] in a late intelligencer, developing [illegible] projects for raising Uncle [illegible] planets of fame.

[illegible] shall "follow a correct knowledge of the Lancasterian System of Education, *in its most improved shape*, over the United States." What this improved shape is, will probably be known, when his publication appears. He states one consideration in his proposals, which certainly ought to induce every man to become a subscriber—who thinks he will *fulfil his promises*—it is this: "the gift of one of these publications will prevent a repetition of the *gross imposition*, which have already been practised on a generous people"!

NOTICE.

The friends of health and exercise, and the lovers of fine prospects and pure air, are requested to convene on the common near the great tree, during the storm which usually happens about the time of the vernal equinox—to adopt some measures to prevent walking in the mall and common, on the Sabbath. It is well known that thousands of people resort to these places during the summer months to snuff up the balmy atmosphere of heaven, who had better stay at home,—if they have one. A few resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, will be offered for approbation and acceptance.

IT IS SUGGESTED

In a late "Report," that some people have, from INTELLIGENCE, declined subscribing to the relief of the Savannah Sufferers! "Those who, perchance," may be in such a singularly uncomfortable predicament, will certainly do well to discard their *modesty* at once, and call upon the gentlemen of the committee. How happy are those who have never been deterred from doing good actions from—MODESTY!

BLANK COLUMNS

In a newspaper, where readers may make their own remarks, have this important use—Nobody can complain that the editor fills up such columns with his own nonsense. It saves some labour, also; and every subscriber must be gratified with what he writes in his own paper. We intend, shortly, to supply our patrons with a whole blank sheet, which they can fill up at pleasure. If this plan were generally adopted, how many editors would pass for wise men, that now beat their brains to little purpose! and how much money paid to journeymen, apprentices, paper-carriers, and printers' devils, might be saved for the more useful purposes of expenditure in sugar, chesnuts and tracts for missionary societies!

A CONCERT

Of sacred music is to be given this evening at the Rev. Mr. Lowell's church, West Boston, for the benefit of the Savannah Sufferers.

NEWS ROOM—MERCHANT'S HALL.

Mr. Topliff, well-known to the merchants of Boston, as an indefatigable and intelligent collector of news, will be the proprietor and superintendant of the News-room at Merchant's Hall, for the year commencing the first inst. Subscribers are received unconditionally as to the opening of the room on Sunday—consequently it will be conducted as formerly, without the contemplated puritannic restriction.

Mr. Editor,

One of our Boston editors tells us, "in my last report," that he has been requested to enquire of his friends in Congress, when it is probable that the Missouri Bill will pass. Now, sir, if you know this gentleman, or are intimate with any of his acquaintance, you will oblige a subscriber [that has paid for his subscription, and one that never loaned his paper, but tells his friends and neighbours, who may wish to borrow, to go and pay for their own amusement] by informing me who "my friends in Congress" may be. Yours,

W.

A GEORGICK,

Composed by a Chinese Preceptor, who had lost three favorite pupils:

Translated for the Galaxy.

Lambs of a faithful pastor's flock,
That pastor weeps for you!
Not found on mountain high, huge rock,
Or in his fold—Adieu!

Oft has your pastor with you trod
The valley green, and hill;
The while you skipp'd the flow'ry sod,
Or sipp'd the cheering rill!

Your ambling feet no more he'll see
Skip briskly o'er the plain;
While with the watch'd your gambols flee—
He not shall watch again!

Ah! ye were long his dearest pride;
"The shepherd lov'd his sons."
But yet he, careless, stepp'd aside!
Regardless—the lambs were gone!

Ye younger pastors! thankless herd
The wanderers, well ye'll know,
Their looks, whose every air, of kind,
They loved their shepherd so!

Or if some wolf—as well is feast—
Have turn'd this object sadly,
Accusing their [illegible] best
Heedward [illegible] the way.

[illegible] pastor's eye
[illegible] fold!
[illegible] neglected by,
[illegible] cold!

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY AND NORTHERN FEELING.

The following extract of a letter addressed to Mr. [illegible] member of Congress from Virginia, will show [illegible] of the people of that state, on the question of [illegible] which now agitates the nation, to the exclusion of most of [illegible] of the United States.

[illegible] is the question to which it is reduced. It is [illegible] the Representatives of the people will vote [illegible] the Province [illegible] which have burst from every [illegible] every ear. [illegible] Sir, wilderness scenes, [illegible] Dodge your dissolution; don't be [illegible] will give into it so easily; [illegible] of public [illegible] their [illegible] shopping into [illegible] which we could do without better than they can [illegible] your supplies; now leaving in our hands the [illegible] of the Missouri; any better and better [illegible] [illegible] of economy, necessary to which we are all [illegible] course of [illegible] which we have [illegible] will [illegible] them of power before they plunge into a fiery gulph. No, Sir, do your duty, fearless of the consequences. What is this question is one of the constitution, and life and death; to our Eastern Brethren, it is an indifferent question. The present constitution was the result of a spirit of amity and of that mutual forbearance and concessions, which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensible." But we yield too much when we agree to this bill; we yield the constitution itself, as well as a disproportionate share of the Western Soil. Do your duty, trust the rest to God. The eyes of our Eastern countrymen may be opened: let us at all events, not do ill to-day lest others may do worse to morrow."

REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 27.
Half past 2 o'clock.

Capt. Ramborger has just landed from the ship Medora, from Cadiz. Extract from his journal:—Jan. 3, news was received at Cadiz, that part of the Spanish Army, consisting of 6000 men, had taken possession of the Carraccas, (the king's Navy Yard,) and Isla, after releasing the state prisoners and putting one of them, a Col. at the head of their forces. There was only one killed, a Capt. of the Royalists, who opposed them at the bridge of Isla—he was shot by the Col.—Cadiz was put in as good a state of defence as possible—the gates all shut—no person allowed to leave the place—all stores shut, and great consternation—the streets patroled by the militia. At midnight, firing heard more than 30 minutes, outside. Jan. 4th—this morning, gates shut—the fort, commanding the road to Cadiz, has been attacked by 500 men; but they were repulsed with the loss of seven killed. At noon, the gates were opened—but all communication is cut off with the interior. All kinds of provisions raised 50 per cent. The Great Continental Mail, with the English letters, was stopped this day by the *National Troops*, (as they style themselves) and destroyed.—*A flag has been sent them—they say, do not interfere with us; and Cadiz shall not be molested—we are only the advance of FIFTY THOUSAND—we are on the march for Madrid and want the Costas stabbed—that we will not embark for South America, and we must obey.* This afternoon, the men of war bent their sails—the gun boats are all manned, and stationed at New Puntal. The national troops, and sailors and mariners, had that day been paid their arrears, with a promise, if faithful, to be paid every month. The provisions were landed from the transports this day, and stored in Cadiz. Jan. 5th Seville, Porto Real, Porto Santo, and all the adjacent towns, are in the possession of the National Troops. All the vessels are embargoed, and no pilots permitted to leave the city. Last night the state prisoners in the Castle made their escape, and joined the National Troops; and this night I made my escape in the good ship Medora, leaving behind the brig Spartan, for Norfolk, 20th Jan; barque Packet, of New-York, for Havanna; ship Mary, for Philadelphia uncertain.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE:—We understand that it is intended to change the Port Folio, from a monthly to a quarterly Publication, and that the first number will be published in March next. This work has been published in Philadelphia for the space of nineteen years, and has outlived numberless rivals, a fact which can only be ascribed to the great attention of the successive Editors, to render it deserving of general patronage. It is now the only work to which we can refer for any information on the progress of American Literature, since the commencement of the present century. It abounds with detached pieces of American history, and lives of eminent personages, and portraits of many distinguished men to whom under Providence, we are indebted for our present form of government.—While, therefore, we are so ready to patronise the republication of Foreign Magazines, in which we are incessantly libelled, may we not hope, in the rage for *American Manufactures*, that a work which has grown up among ourselves, will not be suffered to decay.

Freeman's Journal.

MURDER. A Letter from Camden, S. C. dated 17th inst. mentions the following horrible transaction.

"We have had a murder committed in this place, which for atrocity, is unprecedented in the annals of villany. It was the act of John Harris, upon his own slave, a woman. It appears the slave was sick, confined to her bed and unable to work. He went to her hut at the lower end of the town, about 12 at night, dragged her from her bed, and beat her in a most unmerciful manner; then got a rope, one end of which he tied round her neck, and the other round the neck of his horse, and dragged her about the streets, till she was apparently dead. He then built a fire upon her and left her. The only witnesses of this diabolical act were two poor old women, who could do nothing in defence of the victim. The murderer was apprehended next morning, and bound over to make his appearance to next court." A bailable offence'!!

BEAR HUNT.—A week or two since, two lads living in the town of Hunter, Greene County, discovered a large black bear. They pursued him from morning until the close of the day, frequently so near as to strike him; the depth of the snow preventing his running from or attacking them, and they being unable, from the nature of their weapons, to materially injure him. On reaching the little falls of the Cauterskill, the bear put himself into the form of a coil, and very deliberately rolled off the precipice, a height of about 100 feet. On the following morning a company started in pursuit of him, who discovered that he received no hurt from his retreat. He was traced to the highest peak of the Catskill mountain, (Round Top) and driven into a cave; where he was shot. The quarters weighed 365 lbs. after dressing, and his skin measured 8 feet from the nose to the tail.—

Catskill Recorder.

THE BODY of a man believed to have been that of one Patrick Dunn, has been found in the North River, near New-York. He is supposed to have been murdered, but does not appear to have been robbed, as $56 in bank bills were found in one of his pockets.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A reply to the writer of strictures on GRAVITY came too late for insertion in this paper.

The person who has sent us two letters this week to give the information we requested in our last, will judge for himself whether *anonymous letters* afford any ground for the belief of what is asserted—in *anonymous letters.*

Masonic Calendar.

St. John's Lodge,	Boston,	Tuesday Evening.
Essex,	Salem,	do.
St. Mark's,	Newburyport,	do.
Portland,	Portland,	Wednesday.
St. Andrew's,	Boston,	Thursday.

Officers of the Salem Council of Royal Masters, Installed, January 3, A. L. 5820.

Henry Whipple, M. I. M.
Amos Clarke, I. M.
Rev. Joshua Flagg, S. G. W.
Joseph Eveleth, M. E.
George A. Wild, E.
Joseph George Sprague, M. G.

Married,

In this town, Mr. Moses Miller, to Miss Harriet J. Stebbins. Mr. Joshua Moore Weeks, to Miss Sally Bridge Barry.

Deaths.

In this town, Miss Rebecca Whitwell, aged 44.
In Cambridgeport, on Monday Mrs. Hitty, wife of Mr. Rufus Fisk, aged 47.
In Weymouth, Duncan Heathan Bates, aged 84.
In Concord, Mass. Benjamin Stephen Wood, Esq. aged 55.
In Stoughton, on Sunday last, Mr. John B. Littlefield, aged 31.
In Newbury, Mr. David Pettingell, aged 74.
In Canton, Mr. Samuel Tucker, aged 67.

THEATRE.

☞ The Public is respectfully informed that the profits of this evening's performance will be appropriated towards the relief of the sufferers by the late dreadful conflagration at Savannah.

BENEFIT FOR THE SUFFERERS BY THE FIRE AT SAVANNAH.

On which occasion His Excellency the GOVERNOR will honor the Theatre with his presence.

THIS Evening, Friday, March 3, will be performed, the admired new melo drama, called

ROB ROY;
Or, AULD LANG SYNE.

To which will be added, the favorite afterpiece, in 2 acts, called the

BROKEN SWORD.

☞ Places for the Benefits of the Performers may be taken at the Box-Office during office hours.

DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

THE KENNEBEC BRIDGE LOTTERY, will finish drawing the 8th inst. and the Great Prizes will be drawn as follows, viz.

On Monday next, 2000 Dollars!
On Wednesday, 10,000 Dollars!

☞ READER, if you wish now to realize a pretty fortune, for a trifling sum, call on *GILBERT & DEAN*, Old State House, who have only a few tickets, warranted undrawn, left for sale.

☞ We invite all those who wish to try their luck, to call immediately, as "DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

☞ The handsome UNION CANAL LOTTERY will commence drawing the 20th inst.—highest prize 10,000 dollars, and only 10,000 tickets. Tickets at $5, Quarters at 1,37 1-2, for sale by G. & D. who pay particular attention to all letters, even of the most minor import. March 3.

Grand Union Canal Lottery,

COMMENCES drawing March 20, and will finish in about 30 days. This Scheme needs no puffing.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of		$10,000
1 do. of		5,000
2 do. of		2,000
2 do. of		1,000
4 do. of		500
4 do. of		300
6 do. of		200
10 do. of		100
20 do. of		50
70 do. of		20
100 do of		10
2300 do. of		6

Not 2 Blanks to a Prize, subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

Whole Tickets, $5, Quarters, 1 37 1-2; but will soon rise. Prize Tickets in other Lotteries taken in payment. Orders from any part of the United States or the Canadas, attended to the same as if the persons were present, at the fortunate office of J. BENDER, No. 12, Exchange-street. March 3.

☞ LAST CHANCE

FOR CAPITAL PRIZES in the present KENNEBEC BRIDGE LOTTERY.

☞ Only 2000 numbers more to be drawn. The first drawn No. on Monday next will be entitled to

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS!

☞ On Wednesday the first do.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

When the lottery will be finished.

A few Tickets and Quarters left, for sale, warranted undrawn, by

B. HUNTINGTON,
No. 21, Exchange-Street.

Also, Tickets and Quarters in UNION CANAL LOTTERY, which commences drawing the 20th inst. Prizes in all the Lotteries received as cash in payment. March 3.

300 Pairs of Pantaloons!
200 Vests! 50 Frock Coats!
200 Black and Blue Coats!
70 Surtouts!

THOMAS WHITMARSH, No 13 Cornhill, second door south of State-street, offers for sale,

Superfine Blue Coats $16 to $25.; Surtouts $14 to $30; Frock Coats $9 to $20; 60 ready-made Plaid and Camblet Coats $10 to $12; Drab and [illegible] Coats $15 to $30; Tailloret Vests $6 to $8.50; [illegible] Buff and White Cassimere do. $3 to $4; White [illegible] Drab do. superior quality, made in the [illegible] modern style; Black [illegible] do. $2.50 to $4; Linen and Cotton Sheets $1.50 to $5; Cravats and Pocket handkerchiefs, assorted.

IMPROVED CRAVAT PADS.
GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

OF ALL KINDS.

Superfine Black, Blue and Coloured CLOTHS, a complete assortment of fashionable CASSIMERES and VESTINGS; 500 pieces [illegible] YELLOW NANKEENS; 20 do. [illegible] with [illegible] MARSEILLES; 20 do. Black [illegible] FLORENTINE; 20 do. WHITE JEAN; 60 pieces BROWN LINENS very cheap; SCOTCH PLAIDS and CAMBLET; Rich Silk VELVETS; Gilt and Plated BUTTONS; Fleshing, Hunters Cloth, and all the [illegible] for Great Coats, &c. all of which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to please those who purchase with CASH—☞ NO CREDIT GIVEN.

Feb. 5.

Information solicited.

ABOUT ten years since, [illegible] by the name of JOSHUA HOTCHKISS, an apprentice to James Chaplin, of New-Haven. Any [illegible] information that may be obtained of the [illegible] who can give [illegible] intelligence relative to said Hotchkiss, by directing a line to the Herald Office, New-Haven, will receive a gold [illegible] on his arrival. Hartford, New-Haven, Feb. 29, 1820.

LYRA BOREALIS.

FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.

He. My dearest Miss Chloe, I pray you remember
You promis'd to give me your hand in December.
The day is long past, and my patience near done,
So I pray you, love! tell me how soon you will wed?

She. Why truly, my Reuben! you need not so fret,
For my part, I think there is time enough yet.
'Twere a pity in haste we our fortunes should mingle.
For some who are married oft wish themselves single.
Besides, to be plain, I should like to be told,
If you've much of those articles, silver and gold;
For true though it be, that love thinketh no evil,
Yet poverty, Reuben! ah, that is the devil.

He. What! hear I from Chloe such miserly trash;
Can the maid of my soul talk to me about Cash?
Ye gods! I'm astonish'd—I'm bother'd—I'm bitten,
O what sweet melting odes to her beauty I've written,
And now (what on earth can be viler or worse,)
With a yardstick she'd measure the length of my purse!
I've oft called her ANGEL—indeed she's not human:
Strange, strange is that compound of strange things—a woman!

She. Whew! what have we here? you'd a speech manufacture,
Well fitting the mouth of some deep tragic actor;
Sir, there's no need of spouting—for my part, I'm cool;
But if play you insist on, sir, don't play the fool—

He. Play the fool? Zounds! Miss Chloe, such language from you
At this time of day, is too bad—it won't do—
I'll go strait to your father, miss!—let the old man,
Or old woman, or both, stop your tongue if they can.
Such abuse to a lover!——

She.——————A lover? O fye—
But trot off to my father—I care not—not I.
I mistake, or he's tired of seeing you here,
And will order you home—with a flea in your ear!

He. By Jingo—I almost had slipp'd out an oath—
Yet to leave her in such a fierce passion I'm loth—
My dear, dearest Chloe, this folly forgo—
For my heart is just ready to burst with its wo—
You love to torment me, I cannot guess why.
Would it please you, my love! were your Reuben to die?

She. Poh! talk not of dying—the subject is grave—
I had rather you'd live to be longer my slave.
For when she can't get just the beau to her mind—
She keeps for the present the best she can find.

He. And so you'd inform me, that not in your heart,
Notwithstanding my hopes—I've the best favoured part!
O Chloe! your words are as daggers to me—
But tell me your *chosen* one—who can he be?

She. Why, Reuben! the question is hard, very hard—
But as you to this day have my confidence shar'd,
I'll tell you at once—'Tother day from church walking,
With my father and mother quite piously talking.
Squire K. took my arm, and entreated me civil,
And I could not but wish him——

He.——————I hope, to the devil!

She. Not I. Hold your tongue! No. I wished him to be—
If the thing could but happen—a—husband for me!

He. A husband! and so, for mere grandeur and pelf,
You would ruin poor me—and make wretched yourself.
You would break all engagements, and with them my heart—
Ah! Chloe, I plainly perceive we must part.

She. So do I—so do I. Now let's calmly discuss,
Since all bargains are cancell'd, the case between us,
You are poor, Reuben! poor, yes, the fact is well known.
E'en the farm, that you live upon, is not your own.
And what could you do, silly man! with a wife,
But grow poorer and poorer the rest of your life?
And what would your wife do—but scrub, knit and spin?
Such a life for a wife 's both a shame and a sin.
Now mark how far diff'rent my prospects appear,
Squire K. keeps his coach, and has thousands a year.
His lady, no doubt, will be dress'd in rich style.
Ah, Reuben, you see this is something worth while.
I am sure he will offer—and sure if he do,
You will find, my old lover, a good-bye for you.
But never despair, hold your head up—keep primming,
There 's good fish in the sea, boy!—there 's plenty of women.

He. Well, my lady! farewell. I'll not trouble you more,
What a fool that I knew you so better before;—
What a fool is the thrasun that expends half his life
For the idle employment of seeking a wife—
Farewell, my good Chloe—

She.——————Haste, Reuben, away!
'Squire K.'s at the door—Run—good-bye, I say!
Good-by, my dear Reuben—call on us again.
He's gone, and good riddance, a hot-hearted swain!
And now my good genius, propitious once be,
And give the old 'Squire and his coffers to me.
Let him love me or not, let me have him or hate—
'Tis the name I dash with his wealthy estate.—
For the prayer of all maidens should always be this,
Grant us MONEY, ye Gods!—and the rest will be bliss.

CAPE COD GAZETTE.

Desultory Gleanings.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

This is the day that gave a WASHINGTON to the world. It produces a solemn and soothing sensation to greet the annual return of a day brought with such redundant blessings, not only to America, but to the civilized universe. Vulgar inquiry would ask, what cities have been reddened by conflagration—what graves yards have been piled up with their silent, bleeding and mangled victims; what crowns of laurel have been interwoven, what triumphal arches erected, to render homage to the ambition of wonderful and mysterious man. He stands almost an unique in the unfolding roll of history, and yet inquires the grovelling hero, what mighty deeds has this man accomplished—how many human victims can he score up—how much misery and distress has he occasioned—how many widows and orphans has he made? To such interrogatories the admirers of Washington are, thank Heaven, compelled to be silent. He was not a butcher of his species, denominated a hero; he had not served an apprenticeship in the shambles of glory; he had not converted a sword into a slaughter knife, and strange and incredible as the fact may appear, he would rather behold a cottage family, seated in a circle round the hospitable and cheering hearth, with countenances glowing with the vermillion of innocence and beauty; he had rather enjoy the spectacle of the silver locks of the parents, shining on the temples of virtue, fostering, bending over their infant progeny, than all the thunders of popular applause, all the triumphal arches, all the crowns of laurel, all the marble monuments erected to his fame. What, cries the sordid disciple of military renown, has not murder and glory formed an eternal wedlock? Can the crown of laurel glitter with any other dews than the tears of the widow and the orphan? Must not the car of glory, like that of the idol Juggernaut, crush human victims in its course? What strange heterodoxy, what military heresy in this! And yet, strange as it may appear, we commemorate the day that gave birth to a man who, though an hero, would have held all this fame in abhorrence. Let us answer all these questions at once: *Washington was the hero of humanity* He turned his back indignantly upon fame, and he fought and he conquered for the welfare of his country; he triumphed in such a contest, and in the full blaze of his lustre, he returned to his farm, resigned his sword, and cultivated his ground.

Astonished Europe inquired, when the intelligence was wafted across the Atlantic, where was this mighty man, this conqueror, this idol of free millions, this hero who united all hearts, this phænomenon that disdained the loudest blasts of fame. Glory, astonished at such a spectacle—astonished that one should desert her shrine—followed after him like his shadow, with blushing cheeks. She pursued his retreating footsteps; she tracked him to his silent retreat to Mount-Vernon, and placed her crown, verdant with the intertwining foliage of the laurel and of the olive, radiant with the sunbright beams of honor, and glittering with the tears of a grateful people, round the brows of an American farmer. Washington would have shunned this meed; but this was a request that could not be granted; he only wished to enjoy the silent smiles of heaven and the approbation of his own heart; but this was a luxury denied to Washington.

What we wish on the present occasion more particularly to notice, is that wonderful, pervading and mysterious awe that surrounded a personage so august. Those who possessed the largest share of his confidence, whom he consulted in every trying emergency, who were enroled in the catalogue of his personal friends, felt in his presence abashed, disconcerted and confounded. This sensation was not only felt in the tented field, while he was walking in the full blaze of his military lustre; it was felt alike in the recesses of Mount Vernon, at his own fire side, and at his breakfast table: his guest was oppressed in his presence, either in the cabinet, in the field, or at his own fire side.

Glory appears trifling and of subordinate concern to him whose heart is fixed on heaven. The christian hero while he treads the earth, looks upon all its enjoyments and all its pleasures, as much beneath his feet as when he quits this sublunary sphere, and waves his immortal wing for heaven; whatever may be his destiny, whatever his allotment. If his circuit is not so large and luminous and expansive in the eyes of men as that of the hero of Mount Vernon, it is equally such in the eyes of our adorable Creator. Every real christian is a Washington in his own sphere, however humble that sphere may be, and on his arrival in heaven equal honors await him.

From whence then results this astonishing phenomenon? We will reply in one word, it is the *majesty of virtue, the majesty of the christian character.* A man whose hopes are fixed on heaven, who has no hopes and no joys below the circuit of yonder sweeping and effulgent luminary, is capable of soaring to an altitude beyond the eyes of him whose vision is bounded by this horizon of clouds and of darkness. While he touches the ground, his soul is fluttering her pinions for brighter spheres. And yet the christian hero, in a christian country, in a soil covered as with a luminous mantle with broad beams of christian light, in a section of the globe, where one day in every seven is heard the heart cheering sounds of the silver trumpet of salvation, that man is regarded as such a phœnix in the list of heroes, whose life furnishes a practical comment on his professions; Washington was a practical christian; he was nothing more and by professing christians he is on that account deemed such a prodigy. It was christianity, real, vital, practical christianity that surrounded him with such a mysterious reverence and awe. Human opulence was poor, human grandeur was debased, human glory was but a bubble in a whirlwind, when contrasted with that celestial opulence and grandeur and glory beaming upon his view with more than solar lustre.

His soul was formed, even while environed by the earth that we inhabit, to walk the skies with the same familiarity that his immortal spirit does now; earth was literally beneath his feet, and the day of his dissolution was but the day when he burst into the full fruition of that splendour with which his soul had been so long environed and surrounded. How dignified does christianity appear with such an example, with such a practical comment! The throne and the sceptre, triumphal arches, crowns of laurels, marble monuments, diadems and stars, do not seem even the starting points of such ambition—they are lost, they are melted down, they are obliterated in that rush of overwelming light from the regions which the immortal spirit is panting after, as for its native element. Such was the ambition of Washington, such the grand and mysterious motive of his actions.

Fame, give thy honors, give thy marble bust,
Thy proud rewards are all but mouldering dust,
Such grovelling pride celestial vision mars,
The christian hero treads the glittering stars,
Looks from the azure heav'ns, and sees with grief.
That *pride of vulgar minds, a laurel leaf.*

[*Balt. Morn. Chron.*

EXTRACT FROM TUCKER.

The study of nature is so far from being a mark of hostile disposition to the sacred records, that we cannot receive the full benefit from them nor even enter into their true spirit without it; they must have some interpreter, and if human reason be not employed, passion or prejudice or vanity or peculiarity or whimsy or private interest will intrude into the office, and what wild work they can make stands sufficiently manifested by fatal experience. There is scarce an absurdity that has not been proved by the gospel. Papal tyranny stood upon the donation of the keys to Peter: the cruelties of persecution were authorized by the order compelling them to come in: the Romish legends, Barclay's apology for the Quakers, the dreams of the Moravians, the treatises of all Sectaries, appear thick stuck with texts: even Mahomet could find a prophecy of himself in the Comforter who was to come and show us all things. Every one of these pretend that theirs is the genuine sense, and all other interpretations a perversion of scripture: but what likelier method can be taken for deciding among them, than by comparing them with that other Code which God has written in legible characters upon his works? which comparison cannot be made without a careful and attentive perusal and competent knowledge of both.

The professed design of the whole Jewish and Christian dispensation was to restore man to that perfection of his nature wherein he was created: therefore the doctrines, the precepts, the examples, the institutions recorded there must be regarded as the materia medica proper for a distempered constitution. For the commands of God are not arbitrary: he has made nothing our duty by his authority which he had not before made our interest by the circumstances of that nature whereof he has permitted us to partake.

MILITIA.

The following paragraph is better calculated for this meridian, than that of Pennsylvania—inasmuch as the fines and requirements here are much greater—and the duty scarcely more effective. It is from a late number of the Analectic Magazine.

"Nothing, perhaps, could have been devised more inefficient for every good purpose, and at the same time more impolitic and prejudicial to the public morals and economy, than the militia system, as it exists in Pennsylvania and probably in several other states. It falls with the most injurious inequalities upon rich and poor. To the first, the payment of four dollars a year is a trifle, which can interfere only in the slightest possible degree with their comfort. The latter are compelled to [illegible] a proof of two days labour; and while [illegible] worse, are exposed to scenes of [illegible] and intemperance, or to subject [illegible] a deduction from their income of no trifling nature. [illegible] would require a volume to enumerate the imperfections of this [illegible] of the systems by which the [illegible] have been [illegible] Dryden has described it in strong and appropriate language the consequences of a similar plan.

"The country rings around with loud alarms,
And nor in field, [illegible] militia arms;
Mouths without hands, maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
Stout, eat a crowd, they march a blust'ring band,
And ever, but in time of need, at hand;
This was the morn when issuing in the green,
Drums up in rank and file, they stood prepar'd,
Of seeing arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk—the business of the day."

The looseness and impiety of some of the old French writers is manifested in the following *Jeu d'esprit*, translated from one of them.

"*La mort nous guette, &c.*"

Death waits us here,—and when at length,
We fall beneath his mighty strength,
And the grave our frames enclose,
And ends for aye our earthly woes,—
Then farewell wine, and farewell meat,
And all we love to drink or eat—
For o'er my silence can't create,
The hope of thirst in a future state.

MADRIGAL: BY VOLTAIRE.

Fam'd Pope that boasted English sage,
In his poetic, moral page,
Says, that of life the *only* wealth
Is peace, and competence and health!
But he's deceiv'd. What! this and wight,
Divide the gifts the Heavens plight,
And count not *Love!* of *all* the *best!*
Ah, pity him! unwise, unblest.

LINES

On the death of Madame du Chatelet,
By Voltaire.

Creation weeps, Amelia! o'er thy grave,
For Truth and Science lose a friend in thee:
The gods divine their Soul and Genius gave—
But ah! reserv'd their *Immortality.*

Inscription for LOVE: *by Voltaire.*

Whoe'er thou art, thy master see!
He was, he is, or ought to be.

CHARLES JAMES FOX AND ADDISON.

The following coincidence or plagiarism, I think, has never been publicly noticed by any one. It is remarkable and interesting, in whatever light it may be viewed. The "Invocation to Poverty" is by the celebrated orator and statesman Charles James Fox: the extract which follows, is from Addison's Tattler, No. 23.

INVOCATION TO POVERTY.

O Poverty! of pale consumptive hue,
If thou delight'st to haunt me still in view,
If still thy presence must my steps attend,
At least continue, as thou art, my friend.
When Scotch examples bid me be unjust,
False to my word, or faithless to my trust,
Bid me the baneful error quickly see,
And shun the world to find repose with thee.
When vice to wealth would turn my partial eye,
Or int'rest shut my ear to sorrow's cry,
Or courtier's custom would my reason bend
My foe to flatter, or desert my friend,—
Oppose, kind Poverty, thy temper'd shield,
And bear me off unvanquish'd from the field.
If giddy fortune o'er return again,
With all her idle, restless, wanton train;
Her magic glass should false Ambition hold,
Or Av'rice bid me put my trust in gold;
To my relief, then, virtuous goddess, haste,
And with thee bring thy daughters ever chaste,
Health! Liberty! and Wisdom! sisters bright,
Whose charms can make the worst condition light,
Beneath the hardest fate the mind can cheer,
Can heal affliction and disarm despair;
In chains, in torments, pleasure can bequeath,
And dress in smiles the tyrant hour of death!

Extract from the Tattler No. 23, by Addison.

'Oh Poverty,' said I, 'my first petition to thee is, that thou would'st never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that then thou wouldst not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person who has deserved well of me. Let me not for fear of thee desert my friend, my principles or my honor. If Wealth is to visit [illegible] to come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty, hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee thy two sisters in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence.'

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Truth is uniform and consistent; error is multifarious and the child of constraint; and so natural is liberty to man, that the more he is dictated to, the more likely he is to go wrong.

GAMING.

Next to suits in law, which are but *jactus alea*—*throwing the dice*—avoid gaming. It has no satisfaction in it; besides a sordid covetousness of that which is another's, or a prodigality of that which is your own. It is a madness beyond the cure of hellebore, to cast a die whether your estate shall be your own or not. If you have not a care, I can without an augur, tell what will be your fate; which, like a quicksand, will swallow you up in a moment. Ante goods, which are so gotten, are like pyramids of snow, which melt away, and are dissolved with the same ill husbandry that begat them. Nor believe me, you will find it more chargeable to you than the seven deadly sins.

Remember that one crown in your purse [illegible] more honest, than ten absent. Plato seeing a young man play at dice, reproved him. He answered, *What so small a matter?* Custom, replies Plato, is no small matter.